I'm not a bot

How the grinch stole christmas script 2000

How the grinch stole christmas 2000. How the grinch stole christmas i'm booked. How the grinch stole christmas part 7. How the grinch stole christmas 2000 movie script. How the grinch stole christmas short film. How the grinch stole christmas short movie.

Instagram Bluesky Pinterest Threads Facebook Twitter Articles | Scripts Data provided by This product uses the TMDB API but is not endorsed or certified by TMDB Legal | Scripts are posted under the fair use for educational purposes only. Here's a transcript of Dr Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas: In Whoville, a small town nestled in the mountains, something special happens every year around Christmas Day. The Whos love this time so much that it's hard to imagine anything else. Every window is decorated, every lamppost is dressed up, and the Whoville band marches along with festive cheer. But what makes Christmas so magical for the Whos? Well, every Who knows from head to toe that they love Christmas the most without a single doubt. Meanwhile, in a nearby cave, a grumpy creature named the Grinch despises Christmas. He's not fond of the cheerful noise, the decorations, or the joyful atmosphere. The Grinch thinks that all this festive business is just a bunch of nonsense. I must admit, I'm not a fan of those Whovenile troublemakers and their harmless pranks. But hey, maybe it's time for me to socialize with the Grinch. After all, some quality time could be beneficial. [puts on a sly grin] So, let's get this over with – Merry Christmas! And yes, you bet! Ho, ho, ho, and more of that festive cheer. It appears someone has vandalized a vehicle in our lovely Whoville. You see, Max, the city can be quite treacherous at times. [gives a pair of children a handsaw] Enjoy this gift; make sure to run quickly with it. Come on, let's get moving! The Grinch despises Christmas. The entire holiday season is anathema to him. Now, don't ask why – no one truly knows the reason behind his disdain. [winks at the camera] Perhaps his head wasn't screwed on just right, or maybe his shoes were too tight. But I think it's more likely that his heart was two sizes too small. As Lou and Cindy are busy preparing for Christmas, Drew and Stu rush in, frazzled and concerned. "What happened to you, Dad?" they ask. It seems the Grinch has struck again! Meanwhile, Mayor May-Who reminds everyone of Whoville's most important celebration – the one thousandth Whobilation! According to the Book of Who, this is a time we must treasure. Lou tries to downplay the situation, assuring the mayor that his boys didn't provoke the Grinch. At the post office, Whovillians are scrambling to get their holiday packages delivered on time. Lou helps them out while sharing some festive cheer – "Merry Christmas, Mo! Heckuva rush!" Oh, Cindy-Lou: I don't understand something about the Grinch. Why isn't anyone talking to him? Lou: The Grinch is a bit complicated, sweetie. He's not really a Who; he's more of... well, that's hard to explain. Look at his mailbox – there aren't even any Christmas cards! Cindy: But why? Whovillian: Mom, where's my mail? Whovillian: Dad! We got the wrong mail here! Lou: I'll be right back. [The Grinch puts wrong mail into several Whovillians' mailboxes] It'll take them ages to sort this out. He's playing a trick on everyone – taking things that don't belong to him and leaving his own in yours. Cindy: Help! The Grinch: Gesundheit. Cindy: You're the... Grinch! That worked well, I guess. Cindy: Help me! Please help! The Grinch: Max, let's go; our work is done. Cindy: Help me, please. The Grinch: That toy doesn't belong to you! Stop it, Max. Cindy: Help! The Grinch: (groans) If you just shared your stuff with others... Why do people not do that? Cindy: Thanks for saving me. The Grinch: Saving you? I was just helping. Cindy: Dad! It's amazing! You've been practicing wrapping presents like Mom! I'm so proud of you. Oh my, Martha May Whovier has certainly outdone herself this year with the most spectacular Christmas lights. I must admit, I was thoroughly impressed by her display, but I'm feeling rather confident that I can top it. Betty, my friend, your skills are unmatched! That antique piece is truly one of a kind, with its handcrafted details and over 100 years of history behind it. I do wish I could get into the holiday spirit, though. It seems like everything just gets in the way, from my sub-zero chillibrator to those pesky little creatures that infest our home (fleas before beauty, indeed!). Despite all the chaos, there's one thing that brings me peace: Christmas. But, oh dear, it seems like Christmas has gone away. I miss the carefree days when life was simpler. Now, everything feels overwhelming, and I'm not sure if Christmas is still relevant or if it's just a reminder of what's changed in me. Still, as the great philosopher once said, "There's no place like home." And I've certainly found my home here with all these wonderful people who appreciate me for who I am. Well, except for that little girl at the post office – she'll be scarred by our encounter for a long time! All in all, it's been quite an eventful year, but I think I'm ready to take on the new one with gusto. Bring on the stick, Max! And to anyone who would like to reach me, please feel free to fax me – that star key will do nicely. I'm going to whisper so that by the time my voice comes back to me, I won't be able to hear it! Echo: You're an idiot! Was I eating because I was bored? Who could that be? Hello, little girl. Are you here to read to us? Cindy: No. I hear you know some things about the Grinch. Narrator: Cindy Lou had questions in her curious heart. Where did the Grinch's hatred of Christmas start? With her dad's blabbacorder, she wouldn't give an inch. Cindy: Tell me everything you know about the Grinch. How did he come to be? He came like all Who babies come. On calm nights, baby Who girls and tiny Who fellas drift from the sky in their own pumbersellas. Man: Hey, honey, our baby is here! He looks just like your boss. Cindy: So that's how it works. It was Christmas Eve, and a strange wind blew that night. We were having our annual holiday get-together. It was morning before anybody realized that he was out there! The poor dear! But we knew right away that he was special. Do you want a Christmas cookie? Yes, which one would you like? Santa. His first words! Yes, that is a Santa plate. Do you want to hold this Santa plate? Santa, bye-bye! He was a wonderful whatever he was. And we raised him like any other Who child: With a deep love of Christmas. Don't forget, tomorrow is our big Christmas gift exchange. Everyone bring a special gift for a special someone. Martha: The Grinch....? He had no sense of color coordination. Although I hardly remember him. I didn't have time to socialize. I was far too busy with my studies. Now, class, is everyone almost finished? Mayor May: And if the truth be told, he... He liked Martha. Martha was my girlfriend. I don't like discussing this Grinch so very close to Christmas, but maybe if you hear the truth, you'll understand why... Put your back into it! I tried to take him under my wing. You don't have a chance with her. You're 8 years old and you have a beard! Mayor May: He had hair. Not pleasant. He shed. Not right. Young Martha: You know, Christmas is my favorite time of year. I just love the colors. The red and the green. Martha: Did I have a crush on the Grinch? Of course not. Cindy: I didn't ask you that. Right. For some reason, when he came home that day, he really got into the Christmas spirit for the first time. Perfect! What a lovely family heirloom! The fires of love! This will be perfect on the top of her tree. Oh, Martha! Oh, Christmas! I want you all to look your best tomorrow. You don't have a chance with her. Young May said probably because he's embarrassed by that hideous gift. Mr. Grinch please take the bag off, he said. Yes, you. Take it off. Put the book down. And your foot. Look at that hack job! Young Grinch: Stupid present! Stupid tree! I hate Christmas! Mayor May: The anger. The fury! Martha: The muscles! It was a horrible day when they were so cruel to him. And I could hardly bear it. Young Grinch: I hate Christmas! I hate it! Martha: And that was the last time we ever saw him. The Grinch snarled with a sneer. Tomorrow is Christmas! It's practically here! Max fetched his sedative, saying "Whobilation, plentiful with candy canes and pies." The narrator wondered what he thought about google fries. Mrs May exclaimed she'd been thinking of drastic things to do on Whobilation. She asked for her mother. The nominations for the Who who best typifies Whodom were announced. Mr May said he nominated the Grinch! My, my, my. Cindy read a verse from The Book of Who: "The term 'Grinchy' shall apply when Christmas spirit is in short supply." Mr May said that sounded like their holiday cheer-meister, but The Book of Who says no one can be denied an award if they need it most. She believes you will, and so should you. She's right that wasting a nomination isn't an option, but it's up to you. The Grinch won't come down, and the Mayor will wear the crown eventually. Meanwhile, "Deck your heart with jollity" and get into the Christmas spirit. The Whos are enjoying their festivities, singing carols like "Let there be Whobilation." They're baking fruitcake and drinking eggnog, trying to drown out annoying Christmas music. But the wind is strong, making it hard for them to stay on track. One girl, Cindy Lou Who, has a mission to invite the Grinch himself. She meets him in his cave, where he's using a mechanical Jolly Chimp with cymbals to drown out the Whos' singing. The plan doesn't work, and Cindy calmly explains her presence. The Grinch is furious, growling and threatening to kill her. However, Cindy remains calm and polite. She refuses to be intimidated by the Grinch's behavior, even when he's trying to scare her with his animal noises and torn shirt. Eventually, she speaks up, showing that she's not afraid of him after all. You're going to have to take a break. [laughs after the Grinch looks surprised] Grinch: [aside, talking directly to the camera] These kids today are so used to watching movies and TV shows. (Anyway...) [to Cindy; shouts] WHAT DO YOU WANT?! [echoes back] Cindy: Mr. Grinch, I came to invite you... to be the Holiday Cheermeister. Grinch: Huh? "You're inviting me to be the Holiday" who-what now? Cindy: Cheermeister. (See?) That's the title of the person in charge at the Who Whobilation 1,000 celebration where you celebrate and eat with friends at 7:30 P.M. [Grinch chuckles] AAH! You're funny. [chuckles again] Cindy: I know you dislike Christmas, but maybe it's all just a misunderstanding? Grinch: Don't care. Cindy: I mean, even I have some doubts about Yule. [Grinch starts snoring] But perhaps if you can reunite with the Whos and be part of Christmas... Grinch: [in a mocking voice] "Maybe if you can reunite with the Whos and be part of Christmas..." Grow up! Cindy: ...then maybe it'll all work out for me too. Grinch: Your session is over, please make another appointment with the receptionist on your way out. Cindy: Please, please accept the award! Grinch: [surprised] (Wait a minute.) "Award"? You never mentioned... an award? Cindy: Yes, with a trophy and everything. Grinch: And I won it? Cindy: You did! Grinch: That means there were people who lost. Cindy: Guess so. So if you come-- Grinch: [excited] A whole town of losers! I love it! Was anyone... really hurt emotionally? Come on, details! Cindy: Well the Mayor wasn't happy. Grinch: [pretending to be shocked] Oh no. Cindy: Martha May will be there too. Grinch: And she'll see me. The winner! [Cindy nods] She'll be all over me like Fleegle flies on a flat-faced horse! [dramatically] WELL, I'M SORRY TO LET YOU DOWN, MARTHA BABY, BUT THE TRAIN HAS LEFT THE STATION! Cindy: So will you come? Grinch: [shrugging] Alright. (I'll think about it.) [Cindy giggles] Grinch: [leading her to the front door, pretending to be happy] Maybe it's that sparkle in your eye or that free spirit that reminds me of a younger less hairy version of myself but (maybe) you've convinced me! Who knows? This Whobilation could change my whole outlook on life! Cindy: Really? Grinch: [grumpy again] No, just kidding. But I'll still think about it. [pulls a rope and sends Cindy sliding down the garbage chute back] There honey, you can make snow angels later, we gotta rush to the Whobilation, it's not a place I'd willingly go! Me? Invited down there? Without notice? No schedule could ever fit that in, I'm booked for more important things like self-pity and world hunger. If I bumped loathing till 9:00 though... That would give me just enough time to slip into madness in bed while staring at the ceiling. But what to wear? I mean, if it's not a dress, then it's a kilt! Stupid tablecloth, I rip you right off your pins and get dressed up. Then some weirdo yodeler steals my lederhosen, that's just perfect. No way I'm going now! But Augustus says it's time for the Holiday Cheermeister of the Year Award and everyone cheers because they think Mr. Grinch is there. But he isn't, what a shock! He'll show up eventually, grab some snacks, and leave. Unless... unless they have a cash bar? No way I'm going if that's the case! Alright, alright, I've made my decision! I'm going, no, yes, maybe not. Yes, definitely yes, but then no. [screams as falls through garbage chute] MAYBE I SHOULD'VE FLIPPED A COIN! Hello, Martha. He made it! Cindy. Honey! Grinch: Boo. [the Who-crowd screams in horror] Hmm. Hot crowd, hot crowd. I believe I'm here to... [licks chops] ...accept an award of some kind, and... the child... mentioned a check? Cindy: No, I didn't. Grinch: Alright, then. Give me the award. COME ON, WHILE I'M YOUNG! Augustus: Don't you worry, Mr. Holiday Cheermeister, you'll get your award. But first, a little family reunion. They nursed you, they clothed you. Here they are, your old biddies! Grinch: [shocked] Are you two still living? We missed you! Rose. The sweater. The sweater, Rose. Sweater? What are you talkin' about? No, I can't! I cant do that! Don't touch me there! Put him in the Chair of Cheer! Grinch: Chair of Cheer? What's the Chair of Cheer? You didn't tell me about the Chair of Cheer. Cindy: Please, Mr. Grinch. Grinch: No. I cant do it, honestly. I'm not ready. Its too much, too soon! It's that time of year. The Cheer-meister's ride in the Chair of Cheer! Grinch: Put me down! I mean it! I've got a lawyer. There'll be hell to pay! First, you'll put your taste buds to the test as you judge the Who pudding cook-off! Mine first. Grinch: I really don't know... No, mine's the best! You'll enjoy this! This is not pudding. Grinch: What is it? This is mine. Yummy, yummy, yummy. Christmas conga! Grinch: Look at the time. I really should be getting back. All right! Fruitcake, tra-la-la! Grinch: No. Fudge Judge. Made it myself. Yeah? Mine are homemade too. Okay. Put it in. Bring it on! Is that all you got? Is that all you got? Come on. Out of the way, slow-mo! Excuse me. He's number one in the sack race run! Number one! I'm number one! I'm number one! No child can beat the Grinch! I beat you. He won! And now it's time for the moment we've all been waiting for. Grinch: Yes! My award. Write the check. There's no check. Grinch: Are you sure? Because I thought I heard someone mention a check. And now its time for Present Pass-it-on! [The grinch pressed the razor and remebered shaving his own fur and everyone laughing at him.] Yes, yes, yes. Good times! Good times. And now, I have a little something for the love of my life. Martha May please become Mrs. Augustus May-Who. Augustus.... If you agree to be my wife along with a lifetime supply of happiness, you'll also receive this: Its a new car! Generously provided by the taxpayers of Whoville! What do you say, Martha? You got 20 seconds on the clock. I, the Grinch, was beyond furious as I scratched my finger against the car, leaving a massive dent and making an earsplitting grating noise that drew everyone's attention to me. "Of course, they're doing it," I sneered, my sarcasm dripping like acid. "That's what Christmas is all about - gifts! Gifts, gifts, GIFTS-GIFTS-GIFTS! You want to know where your precious presents end up? In the trash, that's where! And the greed? Unbelievable! People wanting golf clubs and diamonds and ponies just so they can sell them later. It's all just a silly waste! However, there is one tiny Christmas tradition I find somewhat meaningful - mistletoe. [I plucked it from Martha's engagement ring box.] Now, Whoville, come on and kiss the mistletoe! [I mockingly waved the sprig over my backside before Martha fainted.] Ah, but then there was Augustus May Who's fabulous new look after I shaved his head. [I couldn't resist kissing him on the cheek.] Uh-oh! Someone's looking fancy! As I jumped off the stage and ran away with the crown and Christmas sweater, I shouted, "Let's go!" But it wasn't until later that I found myself at a crossroads, contemplating my next move while spitting fire from a makeshift flamethrower onto the giant Christmas tree. Burn, baby, burn! [I laughed maniacally as the entire tree went up in flames.] In the aftermath of the chaos, Martha May exclaimed, "Oh, wow," and I replied with glee, "The Whomanity!" But amidst all the mayhem, there was a glimmer of hope. Cindy had wanted everyone to be together for Christmas. And though I grumbled about it at first, even I couldn't deny that I'd enjoyed the time spent with them. So, let's get back to Christmas - Grinch-less and without all the commercialism? Merry Christmas, indeed! The Grinch gazed into the garbage chute, chuckling to himself as he opened it. However, his amusement was short-lived, as he suddenly gasped in shock at the sight of Whoville residents carrying a spare Christmas tree. Augustus urged them on, and the Grinch's grin turned to a scowl. "Snorkelblatz!" the Grinch yelled, falling backward down the garbage chute. The Christmas clock ticked closer to midnight, with only 4 hours until the holiday. The narrator remarked that this was when the Who girls and boys would wake up bright and early, racing for their toys. The Grinch's thoughts turned to the noise, noise, noise of the Whos' revelry: tong-tinglers, flumplenooks, jing-janglers, and boing-bounders. He envisioned the feasting that would ensue, with Who-pudding and roast beast galore. The Grinch's distaste for this spectacle was palpable. The narrator noted that as the Grinch thought about what Christmas would bring, he grew more determined to stop it all. But how? The Grinch pondered, then a wicked idea struck him. He decided to dress up as Santa Claus and put an end to the holiday's merriment once and for all. Hey there, I'd grab the seasick crocodile Fat boy should be finishing up anytime now. It's kinda weird that he only comes out once a year and never gets any flak for it! Maybe he lives up there to avoid taxes? Merry Christmas! Oopsie, I almost forgot the reindeer! Narrator: Did that stop the old Grinch? Nope, not the Grinch! So, he says: If I can't find a reindeer, I'll just make one instead. Then he calls his dog Max and gets some red thread to tie a big horn on top of his head. [The Grinch dresses Max up like Rudolph.] Grinch: Alright, you're a reindeer now, Max! You're called Rudolph, you've got this freaky red nose, and nobody likes you. Then one day, Santa picks you, and you save Christmas! Wait, no, forget that part. We'll just go with the original plan - you hate Christmas, and you're gonna steal it! ACTION! [Max jumps out of seat] Oh man, that's brilliant! You reject your own nose because it represents all the commercial stuff! Why didn't I think of that? Cut, print, moving on. Next up: On, Crasher! On, Thrasher! On, Vomit and Blitzkrieg! We're gonna die, we're gonna die! I'm gonna throw up, and then I'm gonna die! Mommy, make it stop! Almost lost my cool there. Narrator: All their windows were dark, quiet snow filled the air. The Whos are all dreaming sweet dreams without a care. Grinch: Welcome to Whoville, Max. Betty? Betty? Did you hear that? It's Santa! Go back to sleep. Grinch: Come on, Max, it's our first stop. Narrator: The old Grinchy Claus climbed to the roof with empty bags in his fist. He'd slide down the chimney like a pro! Grinch: This is gonna be a double-twisting interrupted by forward-flying 2½ with a combo tuck and pike! High degree of difficulty! [jumps high in the air] Whoo! LAA-LAAA-LAAAAAAA!! The Grinch was stuck in the chimney upside down after overindulging at the Whobilation. He grumbled about his weight gain and tried to free himself but ended up hitting his head by the fireplace. The Grinch then snuck into the living room, eyeing the Who stockings and stealing them along with a jar of moths for dinner. After stuffing the stolen food into his bag, he slunk to the icebox and cleaned it out, taking all the leftovers. He then stuffed everything up the chimney with glee. As he prepared to stuff the Christmas tree, he heard Cindy's small voice asking what he was doing. The Grinch quickly came up with a lie, pretending to be Santa Claus and convincing Cindy that he was fixing a broken light on the tree. When Cindy asked him about the true meaning of Christmas, the Grinch's demeanor changed and he popped into the room. Narrator: The Grinch climbed up Mt. Crumpit with a huge load of stolen Christmas presents. Grinch: (excitedly) Oh boy, I've got all the Who's Christmas stuff right here! Cindy Lou Who: (in her mind) Wait a minute... [The scene cuts to the Grinch dumping his loot on top of Mt. Crumpit] Grinch: (proudly) Ha! Now they'll never have any more Christmas presents! Narrator: But little did he know, Cindy Lou was watching him from below. Cindy Lou Who: (to herself) I think the Grinch might be kinda... sweet? [The scene cuts to the Grinch looking down at his loot with a big smile on his face] Grinch: (to himself) Yeah, and now it's all mine! Narrator: The Grinch thought he had gotten away with the biggest Christmas heist ever. Grinch: (excitedly) We did it! We did it! [The scene cuts to the Grinch and Max celebrating their success] As Max whimpered once more, it was clear that the Whos were stirring. I know exactly what they'll do - cry. Yes, all those Whos down in Whoville will be sobbing uncontrollably as they mourn the loss of their Christmas. Officer Houlihan stumbled out of his police car, lamenting his own misfortune: "What an embarrassment! I've been robbed!" Meanwhile, Mayor May Who was busy trying to get some answers. "Whoa! Whoa!" he exclaimed, his bed suddenly becoming loose as he tried to make sense of the chaos. As he put on a robe, he growled, "I'll tell you people one thing: Invite the Grinch, destroy Christmas!" Whobris, ever the optimist, chimed in, saying, "I did!" Mayor May Who sneered at him, dismissing his concerns with a laugh that was more bitter than merry. The crowd gasped as he turned on Cindy, saying, "You choose to listen... to a little not-to-be-taken-seriously GIRL who hasn't even grown into her nose yet!" Cindy, however, remained unphased, and Lou surprisingly chimed in, declaring, "I'm glad he took our presents!" Mayor May Who's face contorted in disgust as Lou continued, "You can't hurt Christmas, Mr. Mayor. Because it isn't about the gifts or the contests or the fancy lights." Cindy smiled, knowing that her message was finally getting through. Lou concluded, "She's been trying to tell me too." The crowd responded with warm applause and festive cheer as Lou declared, "Well, I don't need anything more for Christmas than this right here: my family." As the Whos celebrated their newfound appreciation for the true meaning of Christmas, the Grinch seethed in frustration. He was determined to ruin their holiday spirit once and for all - but something was amiss. The sound of faint singing began to rise above the snow... Then it started to grow. Grinch was confused: "Huh? Wha?" Narrator clarified that the sound wasn't sad, but merry instead. Everyone in Whoville, big and small, was singing without presents on Christmas morning. The Grinch couldn't believe it, as he had stopped Christmas from coming. But somehow, it still arrived. Cindy approached him: "Mr. Grinch! Look at your sled!" Narrator showed the Grinch's puzzled face as he stood in the snow, his feet cold. The Grinch wondered how Christmas could come without ribbons or presents. He puzzled until he thought of something new. Grinch said maybe Christmas... means a little bit more. Suddenly, he felt something strange in his chest, like he was experiencing emotions for the first time. Max, his dog, helped him discover that love is possible. Grinch realized it didn't come from a store, but from within himself. He started to cry, and then he felt warmth inside. The next morning, Grinch's heart grew three sizes bigger in Whoville. He cried tears of joy as he sat on his sleigh, surrounded by presents that now seemed less important than the love he shared with others. Whoville, I have some news for you! The Grinch has returned everything he stole on Christmas. He even helped cook the roast beast with his own two hands! It looks like the Grinch has finally found his holiday cheer. Now let's all join in and sing our favorite Christmas carols together! As we celebrate this joyous season, remember that love and kindness are what truly make Christmas special. So go ahead and spread some cheer wherever you go. And if you're wondering where your favorite holiday spirit went, just ask yourself: "Does that mean Christmas changes too?" Maybe it's time to rediscover the true meaning of the holidays and find joy in the simple things. So, my friends, let's all come together and sing our hearts out. Where are you, Christmas? We're here! He feels like it's always Christmas time. He feels you, Christmas, and knows he's found what he's looking for. The joy of Christmas stays with him even when it's quiet. It fills each heart with love. But then there's Ben Folds, who says they're making too much noise. He hates the happy sounds and wishes the people would stop celebrating Christmas so much. Meanwhile, the Barenaked Ladies are enjoying all the festive cheer. They see perfect gifts and hear joyful carols, but for one person, it's a green Christmas because everything they want is missing. Every Who in Who-ville loves Christmas a lot, but the Grinch, who lives nearby, doesn't like it at all. He's got his reasons, though no one quite knows what those are. Maybe his shoes were too tight or maybe his head isn't screwed on right. Whatever the reason, his heart is two sizes too small, and he's standing on Christmas Eve, looking down with a sour face at the happy Whos below. Busy right now, hanging my Who-wreath. They're hanging their stockings too. He snarled with a sneer. Tomorrow is practically Christmas. Then he growled, his Grinch fingers nervously drumming: I must find a way to keep Christmas from coming, or tomorrow I know all those Whos will wake up bright and early, rush for their toys, and then... Oh, the noise! Noise, noise, noise! There's one thing I hate - all the noise. And they'll shriek and squeal, racing around on their wheels. They'll dance with Jing-Tinglers tied to their heels. They'll blow their Floo-Floobers. They'll bang their Tah-Tinkers. They'll play noisy games like Zoo Zitta Ka Zay... a roller-skate type of lacrosse and croquet. And then they'll make ear-splitting noises de luxe on their great big Electro Who-Cardio Shluxe. Then the Whos, young and old, will sit down to a feast. They'll feast, and they'll feast, and they'll feast. They'll feast on Who-pudding and rare Who-roast-beast. Oh, roast beast is a feast I can't stand in the least. And then they'll do something I hate most of all. Every Who down in Whoville, tall and small... will stand close together with Christmas bells ringing. They'll stand hand in hand, and those Whos will start singing. And they'll sing, and they'll sing, and they'll sing. Sing, sing, sing. And the more I thought of this Who-Christmas sing... the more I thought: I must stop this whole thing. Why, for 53 years, I've put up with it now. I must stop Christmas from coming. But how? Then I got an idea - an awful idea. The Grinch got a wonderful, awful idea. I know just what to do. I'll make a quick Santa Claus hat and coat. Then he chuckled and clucked: What a great Grinchy trick! With this coat and this hat, I'll look just like Saint Nick. All I need is a reindeer. The Grinch looked around, but since reindeer are scarce, there was none to be found. Did that stop the Grinch? Ha! The Grinch simply said: If I can't find a reindeer, I'll make one instead. So he took his dog Max and tied a big horn on the top of his head. Then he loaded some bags and old empty sacks on a ramshackle sleigh, and he whistled for Max. The Grinch had said "Giddap" and the sleigh started down towards the homes of the sleeping Whos. Their windows were dark, and no one knew he was there. The Whos were all dreaming sweet dreams without care when the Grinch came to the first little house on the square. He climbed up to the roof with empty bags in his fist and slid down the chimney, grunting a bit as it was a tight pinch. He got stuck only once, but managed to stick his head out of the fireplace flue where the little Who stockings hung all in a row. The Grinch then took those first. He slithered around the whole room, taking every present - pop guns, pampoonas, pantookas, and drums; checkerboards, bizzel-binks, popcorn, and plums. He stuffed them into bags and then stuffed the bags up the chimney with a whistle and grunt. The Grinch went to the icebox next, taking the Whos' feast, Who-pudding, roast beast, and even the last can of Who-hash. He cleaned out the icebox as quick as a flash. GRINCH grinned saying he'd stuff up the tree. As he took the tree, starting to shove it... CINDY-LOU WHIMPERS was heard from the small sound like the coo of a dove. The Grinch turned around fast and saw Cindy-Lou Who, no more than 2, staring at him. She asked "Santy Claus, why? Why are you taking our Christmas tree?" The old Grinch thought up a quick lie saying there's a light on this tree that won't light on one side so he's taking it home to his workshop, my dear. I'll fix it up there then I'll bring it back here. His fib fooled the child. He patted her head, got her a drink and sent her to bed. When Cindy-Lou Who was in bed with her cup... The Grinch crupted to the chimney and stuffed the tree up. He went up the chimney himself, the old liar, and took the last thing - the log for their fire. He left nothing on the Whos' walls but hooks and some wire. The one speck of food he left in the house was a crumb too small for a mouse. He did the same to the other Whos' houses leaving crumbs much too small for the other Whos' mouses. The Grinch was grumbling as he packed his sled with presents, ribbons, wrappings, snoof, fuzzels, tringlers, and trappings. But little did he know that a surprise awaited him on Mount Crumpit. As he rode up to the top, he heard a peculiar sound - the Whos in Who-ville were humming and singing "Welcome Christmas" without any presents at all! The Grinch's grumpy heart skipped a beat as he realized that Christmas had come despite his efforts to stop it. He was puzzled by this turn of events, wondering how Christmas could arrive without ribbons, tags, or packages. The more he thought about it, the more his puzzler grew sore. But then, something clicked in the Grinch's small heart. Maybe Christmas wasn't about presents and stores after all; maybe it meant a little bit more. And as he pondered this idea, his heart began to grow three sizes that day. The true meaning of Christmas dawned on him, and the Grinch found the strength of 10 Grinches plus two. With a newfound sense of cheer, he whizzed down Mount Crumpit, blowing his trumpet and bringing back all the toys, food, and festivities to Who-ville. And as he carved the roast beast, he welcomed Christmas with joy, spreading cheer to all Whos far and near. "Merry Christmas, one and all! Bring your cheer to those who are standing tall. We'll hold hands and hearts together, welcoming Christmas while we stand."